

Mars Volta "Concertina"

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In denial who will come clean all the ravenous debris
In disguise sideswiped by penance cerecloth
sentencing
This scapegrace will pay my barking harangue... are
you listening?
On the 14th you stole what hasn't grown old
In denial, file this under a bridge that he can't leave
Will those shadows glare from that blank- rimmed
stare in a vacancy hush
Aunque me dejaste ahogando en el mar acuestate en
la tierra, de la realidad de tu sueÃ±o
Manos de recuerdo solamente a ti te odio yo ya me voy
In denial, who will clean up all this ravenous debris
In denial, file this under a bridge that he can't leave
And the storyville sawbones couldn't fill
The prescription to mend all the broken wills in the
white lie wards - don't you pretend
Tangled in thorns to walk unborn
And this debt will collect
[all the sickness that is there]

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